

A.A.WRAY

20 MORE DARK SCARY AND SAD SHORT STORIES BY A.A.WRAY COPYRIGHT 2018 A.A.WRAY PUBLISHED AT SMASHWORDS

- 1. Blink And You Miss It
- 2. **Earphones**
- 3. <u>Getting Better All The Time</u>
- 4. <u>Coming Home For Christmas</u>
- 5. <u>It's Not Over Yet</u>
- 6. Half Dead
- 7. **Squeeze**
- 8. The Hunt
- 9. Write Like Your Life Depended On It
- 10. **Tommy**
- 11. The Creature In The Night
- 12. **The Scraping**
- 13. <u>Vision</u>
- 14. I Can See Angels
- 15. The Meadow Children
- 16. The Darkness Inside
- 17. **Above**
- 18. A Murder
- 19. The Words She Spoke
- 20. From Life

Blink and You Miss It

I was seven years old. Laughing and playing with my friends in the park. I looked ahead at me and saw my father approaching from the metal gate. I waved at him, running towards him and blinked my eyes.

When they opened again I found I was at a high school dance. I froze, terrified. I looked around. I felt taller, stronger. I saw I was dancing with a girl, and I stumbled back frightened, falling onto the ground.

"Sean, what's wrong?" she asked with a giggle.

Some people helped me up, and I closed my eyes in pain.

When they opened again, I was at a hospital. I was looking at an old man and holding his hand. I couldn't understand what was happening. Where were my friends? I could see slight wrinkles had come across my once child hands and the man looked at me with quiet eyes.

"I love you, son... you've made me so proud."

"D-dad?!" I shouted in horror, realizing that this dying person was my father. "What's happening? Where am I?!"

My voice was older now, more mature. My father only said.

"Take care of Allison and your kids... I l-love you..."

Before he could finish his words, his eyes closed and I ran to him, begging.

"Dad, wait!"

I blinked.

I suddenly saw a young man come up to me at a wedding, he was dressed well and he gave me a hug, startling me greatly.

"I'm glad you approved of her, dad."

My lips were trembling... what... where... h-how?!

"I'm only seven!" I shouted, my eyes growing watery and the young man looked at me puzzled. "I- I want my mum! I want my DAD!"

Blink.

I didn't want to blink my eyes, I wanted this to stop... but when they opened automatically again I was at an old folks home. I was barely able to move. I felt so very weak. My body ached and I couldn't move quickly or run, or even walk!

I saw I was playing chess with a woman and she looked so very sad.

"Your turn, Sean..."

"-Please!" I shouted, and the whole room looked at me. "I'm not meant to be here! I'm only seven! I'm only a boy! I'm only a-"

I blinked.

But this time when I opened my eyes, all I saw was darkness. I looked around, my body aching so very much... my bones weak and stiff.

I tried to move, but I was trapped in some sort of large wooden box.

I could hear dirt being dropped on top of it. The air so stuffy and cold... my body was freezing itself and I screamed for help.

But my voice was barely a whisper.

"Dad..." I cried, holding my arms together and feeling a tear drop run down the side of my cheek. "I just wanted to play with my friends... I just wanted to play... with you..."

I wept and wept. I kept my eyes opened, not wanting to see where I'd be next... not wanting to become older... not wanting to-

Blink.

Earphones

I was listening to my earphones at the back of the bus.

I didn't hear the screams...

My eyes were closed as I listened to the beats of the music play through my ears.

Let It Be - The Beatles.

I only opened them when I felt something splash onto my face.

I touched it with my finger tip, looking at it and seeing... crimson blood with a shard of metal in it.

I suddenly screamed as well. The bus smashed into the cliff's side, ripping open the metal and slicing people up.

~X~

When I woke up again... I was in hospital.

Everything was so quiet. I looked over to my red earphones... and the memories slowly began to come back of the crash.

I began to scream and cry, covering my face with a pillow as tears ran down my cheeks.

The nurses came and restrained me.

~x~

A year went by...

I came into the attic, looking at old things that had been put up for storage.

As the light from the torch peered across the darkness... I saw it hit something red... shiny...

The earphones.

I shivered as I looked at them.

I picked them up... I had to move on... I had to forget... I had to forgive...

I went downstairs and to my phone... plugging the earphones in and listening to a song.

But all that played was the soft words...

Let it be...

In jarring crackles and pops

I quickly unplugged the cord from the phone, trying to get the earphones off my head... but before I ripped them from my ears...

I heard them.

Screams...

The passengers screaming.

I saw it in my eyes... the bus colliding into the cliff's wall.

Screams pierced through my ears, a sharp pain ripping across my head!

I pulled the earphones off me... shaking and shivering.

I felt a tear dampen my cheek.

I touched it to wipe it away with my finger... but when my fingertip touched it-

I looked to see a dab of crimson red blood...

... and a shard of metal, glinting in the light.

Getting Better All The Time

"It's getting better." I said, as I walked out of the prison cell.

I nodded to the guards, grinning widely and they only watched me with stern eyes.

"It's getting better all the time..." I admitted, happy as I was handed back my items they had taken off me when I had been sent behind bars. I took my old shirt and jeans, and put them on in the toilets before I left the building.

They opened the gates from outside, and my prison mates cheered me as I waved goodbye.

"Good going!" one yelled.

"You did it!" another said clapping, and I bowed as I said my farewell to them all.

I got a boat off the island and was back on the mainland within an hour. I headed back to my home, back to the house where my parents had raised me and took in a breath of fresh air.

I had gotten away at last... it only took forty four years.

Two life sentences, and some years added.

But I was out of there now, and I could start again. I just had to pay my parents a visit. I dropped my luggage off at their house and caught a bus out to the nearby graveyard.

I stood before the graves of mum and dad, and just had tears in my eyes as I said to them.

"You never thought I'd be set free, but I was..."

I smiled wider, almost laughing as I read the words out loud that was on their tombs.

"Melissa and Sean Haze, died age thirty five and forty."

I didn't read the bit that followed, and just turned around walking away.

But the words still chimed in my head.

Killed by their son,

Michael...

"It's getting better," I muttered as I left the two behind, "It's getting better, all the time."

Coming Home For Christmas

He had kept the black box in his pocket. The wind was howling hard that night. He wanted to surprise her... give her his heart.

All wrapped up in the golden ring in a small black box.

He had driven in the car with his best mate, Padre.

It was such a cold night. The snowflakes were toppling down from the sky and the car was half frozen.

"Better warm it up first..." Cormack said, holding the sides of his arms as he was frozen stiff. They had made a stop to check the engine as the snow storm had picked up.

Padre began to light a cigarette and Cormack looked at him shocked.

"Man, I thought you were given those up."

"Come on." Padre begged, giving pleading eyes which didn't have any affect on Cormack. "You know I get a treat for Christmas..."

"Fine... but open the window to get the smoke out."

"Whatever," Padre replied, not really caring too much and began to wind down his glass window. But as soon as it was an inch rolled down, freezing air gushed into the car.

"Okay," Cormack said, very serious now. "We have to get going if we're going to make it to Amelia's house before that storm hits for good."

Padre had his teeth chattering, as he threw his cigarette butt outside the window and in a hurry began to wind the glass back up.

Cormack turned on the engine. They had taken a break in a nearby forest, just off the road because the snow had been bucketing down. But they knew the heating wouldn't keep up forever... and something was starting to smell...

Disgusting...

Padre picked up the scent but Cormack had no time for this qualm and started up the car. He pulled back on onto the slippery snow with his hind wheels, but all that did was skid and slip and then suddenly-

CRACK!

The snow beneath had been on top of a small ledge and the weight of the car had made it snap.

"Holy SHIT-"

Before Padre could scream this, the two were jammed back in their seats as the car dropped off the ledge and down a hill. It smashed and scraped and collided with nearly every tree in its falling vicinity before finally it slipped across a smooth icy top.

The two young men were badly injured.

Cormack couldn't feel his left arm and realized it was because the ball joint had become dislodged from the shoulder. Padre was barely even breathing.

"Padre, PADRE!" Cormack yelled at him, unbuckling his seat belt with his right hand and moving over to his friend's seat that had blood stained on it... as sticking through his dark skinned friend... was a small branch in his gut.

"PADRE!" Cormack begged, and that disgusting smell became stronger... firmer... more disgusting and repugnant.

Finally, after slapping Padre and shaking him a few times, the dark skinned man woke up, and just gave a dazed smile.

"Oh... Cormack... are... are we there already..?"

Suddenly there was the sound of ice cracking. Cormack looked at Padre worried as his friend stretched and seemed to not even realize he had been impaled.

Cormack wound down his own window and... gulped.

They were on top of a frozen pond. The car had skidded onto it.

The pale Cormack looked around at all the cracks that were starting to form on the layer of ice... and he knew that underneath that frozen top was... chilling waters... just waiting to kill.

"We have to get out..." Cormack begged Padre, but Padre could barely move.

"WE NEED TO MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!"

"What is that smell...?" Padre only chuckled, delirious, and looked down to his body... touching the sticky blood and reached his hand down further till he felt the oil on the ground.

"Man..." Padre just giggled. "I think you have a petrol leak..."

"Padre... I need- We need to..."

"Just wait a second," Padre began, and pulled out his box of cigarettes from his pocket. "I know we need to be home for Christmas... but I'd like to give a toast for your wedding... seeing as we probably won't be making it."

There was a snap suddenly, at the back of the car as the ice on the hind wheels had broken and they were starting to be pulled under.

"You and Amelia... would've had a perfect family... and I would've been the perfect God father to your child..."

"How did you know she was..."

"I knew... I could see the bump..." Padre only chuckled and then handed Cormack a cigarette, putting one in his own mouth as well.

"To a merry Christmas..." he said, as the freezing cold water started to fill the car. The oil was on top of water and Cormack only mumbled in tears, getting the matches out from the car storage booth.

He smiled sadly at Padre, the two leaning forward as they placed their cigarettes together and Cormack only whispered.

"And a happy new year..."

He swiped the match on the sand paper from the cardboard box and in a second-

There was an explosion.

The car was swallowed up as the ice boiled underneath the flames from the gas and petrol, and it got dragged deep to the bottom of the lake.

After a few minutes... something bobbed up in the water that had killed it's unwelcomed visitors.

A golden ring ... with a small heart on it...

And two cigarettes...

...burnt to a crisp.

It's Not Over Yet

I spat the blood out from my mouth. It collided to the ground, splashing like a heavy raindrop. My dark blue eyes glistened as they looked up at my opponent.

He was grinning darkly. He took a few steps forward in a limp. His left ankle seemed not to be properly in place as his foot dragged crooked on the ground.

His eyes gazed into mine. The spark in them was dangerous. I didn't know how much longer I could go on in this fight.

The adrenaline was still pumping through my blood, but I think it was fooling my body into thinking it was stronger than it looked.

The man just chuckled a wicked laugh, and clapped his two tanned hands together, before holding them up in a fighting stance.

I took a gasp out, exhausted. I lifted my weak fists up as well. I could feel the bruises around my gut and how the soreness was penetrating into my insides.

"This is ending." I said, my breaths tired, and I began to take hard steps towards him. I pulled my right fist back, getting ready to throw a punch, but all he said was.

"No." My punch collided towards his face but before it smashed into his jaw, his words trailed out. "It's just beginning."

He swung his clenched balled hand upwards, swinging his head to the left to dodge my punch and I gulped down the pain as his fist jammed into my gut.

I jumped as high as I could, as soon as I got wind back in my lungs, and slammed a high kick into his neck, the man flinging to the ground.

When he hit the floor, he swung his left leg against me, making me topple in my standing position. I landed on my back and he flipped back up onto his feet. He hurried in two steps towards me, before raising his foot and crushing it down onto my chest.

I gasped, before he fell on his knees, his legs on each side of my captured arms. I wiggled there like a caught worm.

He began smashing his fists into my face, one after the other. I could nearly feel a concussion coming over me. Every punch felt like it would be the death knell. I kneed him in the back quickly, and he dropped forward from the fierce jab. When he did however, I headbutted him in his chest, making him suddenly fling back and release my arms. I quickly drew them to the front of me, and threw his body off. He hit the ground beside me. I got to my feet, dizzily, before kicking him in his side.

I saw his begging eyes look up at me, the red veins in them popping out like an eye sore. I just slammed my heel into his nose.

He cried out as there was a cracking noise. He grabbed the bludgeoning middle of his face. I quickly took a step over him. I placed both feet just on either side of him and hissed.

"Is it over now?!"

"...n-no..." he whispered.

I jumped as high as I could, pointing my elbow out as it stabbed into his chest, breaking the ribs and rupturing his heart.

His body bounced as I did the final and last blow he would ever feel.

I got up, unsteadily, back to my feet. The crowds suddenly erupted into applauds as I stood in the center of it all... having won the gladiator fight.

I took a few heavy breaths in and out, feeling woozy. I looked back at the dead man on the dusty ground. The clapping and cheers of the audience is all I heard in my head and all I despised yet the same.

I walked back over to our swords in the distance. We had both lost them in the fight that had lasted a good hour. I picked up his and held it to the air. The crowds erupted higher in screams and cheers.

I walked back over to the man, and looked at his lifeless eyes. He looked mangled on the ground... and I felt nothing inside.

Just hardness... and hate.

For I entered these games to get the one thing that most Roman citizens had at birth. My freedom from slavery.

At all costs.

I held the sword over his bloody face and looked up at the emperor. He looked at me cautiously, his eyes piercing into mine. He finally lifted up his hand. His thumb was sideways, and all I wanted it to do was face up, so I could be free from this life at last.

It faced down.

My eyes widened in disbelief and the crowds booed him.

I would have to fight... again.

I held the sword with both my hands, screaming so loud my cry echoed all throughout the stadium.

I smashed the metal sword through the head of my opponent.

If I could... I would've killed the emperor that minute instead.

Half Dead

I wanted to show her the dying sun, I wanted to show her the beauty of the sunset and the worlds colliding, day into night and night from dusk.

We had walked the back of the housing estates, our runners bending at the cracks and crannies of the rocks and broken pavements.

We could hear the howling of the screaming voices behind the walls, and she kept her eyes close, as I led her to the beautiful scenery at the top of the hilly estate.

I stumbled back, frightened when I saw a hand clutch through the wall... it's bones poking out of the skin and the skin itself grayish and mutated.

Dead...

At least, that's what we considered them now... dead to us.

Because they would never come back.

I let go of her hand for a second, and got my heavy rifle. I slammed it down so hard at the hand sticking out through the crack in the wall I snapped the radius and it lurched forward in a drop to the ground, my girlfriend screaming as the hand crawled away down the hill, before dying properly... like a lizard's tale, still having a little life in it even when it's been snapped off.

"I-I never want to turn into one of those," she whispered, and I looked into her green eyes, the golden rings around them and I swallowed nervously, as I whispered.

"You won't."

I took her hand and we continued to climb up the hill.

We had both lost our families and had met with a group of other survivors after the disease had spread. I'd call it a plague. One bite and you eventually turn black and rot alive... but that was only after a year... for the rest of the time... you were the one doing the biting.

I finally found a spot that led to the hidden stairs I had scouted out a few weeks ago, and I moved the metal scraps that I had put there to open it up for us.

We walked up them, grey damp walls on either side of us, and when we finally reached our destination I said to her.

"I don't want to live without you..."

She had tears in her eyes as I told her to look out to the twilight and setting sun. It was orange and pink and I loaded up the rifle standing behind her.

She could hear the lock and load and just as she turned her head around I-

"John?!"

- fired.

Her head exploded outwards with the skull becoming half empty and I watched her graying body drop to the ground.

I could see the bite mark on her leg... and looked down to my own brown skin, that was slowly turning gray as her teeth marks could be seen on my wrist.

"But you gave me no c-choice..." I whispered, and pointed the gun to my temple. I took a few deep breaths... I only had three days left till I would lose myself into the rabid biting frenzy... and I would go after the remaining survivors... how I would show the other half dead people where they were.

"You g-gave me no choice..." I whispered again, and I pressed my finger down on the trigger.

It's funny, they say that you see a light at the end of your life.

The explosion was bright in my eyes... I think everyone had seen it.

The sun dipped below the hills and two more souls traveled onward into the unknown shadow of death... night finally arriving. The carcasses were left there, attracting hungry half deads to feed off the bones and only recently alive flesh...

Squeeze

I wish I had never gone camping.

I wish I could move...

I wish I could breathe properly.

I wish I wasn't about to die.

I had awoken, feeling a strong squeeze around my body. My bones were compacting and I tried to move my arms... but they were clasped tightly to the rest of me.

I looked around terrified. I could see in the distance my daughter's tent away in the dark. I peeped out in a suffocating breath.

"H-help..."

I could feel the strong thick rope like body pull tighter against my own, and I gulped, trying to move. It was like my eyes were going to pop out from the pressure.

All I could feel was smooth scales... and all I could see was yellow eyes staring at me in the dim light.

The moon shone brightly in the midnight sky. I tried to wiggle but the snake's body gripped me closer and I gasped for breaths.

I could see my daughter's tent, and I tried to scream to her... begging her to hear my choked up voice.

"Hannah, p-please..."

My eyes suddenly widened as I saw another anaconda swerve in the grass across from her tent. The snake slipping its forked tongue out a few times, tasting the air for it's next meal.

I tried to stick my hand out and scream, but I was choked tighter, my head feeling dizzy and my body wrapped in the snake like a cocoon.

But instead of a butterfly escaping into life... I was heading towards doom.

I tried to roll around, trying to loosen the snake's hold, but each time I did, it twisted itself like coils stronger against my bruised tired skin.

I had tears run down my eyes, as I inhaled a small barely capable breath and saw the other snake in the distance slip into my ten year old daughter's tent.

"-no!" I gasped.

My head was getting dizzy now, I could hear crushing and condensing of bones... I could feel the cracking and snapping of my insides.

I wanted to scream in agony, but I couldn't even make a sound.

I saw the anaconda's eyes look at me, its yellow eyes staring into my brown. It stuck its tongue out a few times, licking the air.

Before I saw it open its mouth and unhinge its jaw.

My eyes widened. I squirmed, but only the slightest movement could be made.

It pulled its long body around me then, so tightly... that my last breath of life left my lips in a peep.

The only thing I saw before the abyss, was its mouth circling my head.

But I had now gone into darkness...

The last feelings I ever felt...

Crushing.

Snapping.

And the squeeze.

The Hunt

Running.

That's all I did, running for eternity it felt. My breath was shaky, my eyes wide with tears. I ran down that hill, dodging the trees that swung branches and trunks at me as I rushed by them. I was panting, crying as I ran with all my might.

I could see in the distance, a river.

I looked back and could see the many shadowy faces in the distance, staring at me and watching me with unblinking eyes.

I swore I nearly choked on my screams.

My feet hit the twiggy dirty ground, plummeting one after another onto the soil as I could hear a gunfire, and quickly swooped behind a tree.

The bark at the side of it, right next to my eye, exploded off, flinging some wood into it and I cried in pain.

I could hear the running of silent steps far away, and I panted in and out, terrified.

They were on the hunt... and I was their prize.

I pushed off the tree and began sprinting down the hill till I reached the river. The part I had arrived at was just a little stream, and I could hear another gunfire.

A slash of a bullet shot through my arm and I grabbed it, holding it in pain as tears dribbled down my face, my lips wobbling.

"Come back, human!" the hunter yelled, and I looked to see in the distance, the foxes running towards me, they took aim with their guns. They were bigger than me, well organized, and clothed in hunting gear... where as I was naked and so very small. I knew they wanted me for their collection. They wanted to kill me and cut off my head, hanging it on a plaque in their den.

I screamed as they aimed from all directions... the blood coming out of my arm and hurting me so much.

I finally dived into the river, its current torrential as it pushed my small naked body down the fast stream to the deeper waters farther away.

"Don't let her get away!" one of the foxes yelled.

I pushed my head out of the water, looking at them as they followed from each side of the fast moving waters, until I saw quickly in the distance a waterfall approaching.

I screamed, and dropped down it.

 \sim X \sim

I burst out of my sheets, waking up in my bed, panting and coughing a hefty breath out. I gasped for air as I felt like I could still taste the water in my mouth... drowning me while the foxes watched on from above.

Suddenly I heard a click of a trigger, and glanced my panicky eyes upwards, seeing the hunter, his red ears with their black tint, glaring at me as he hissed.

"Got ya!"

Bang!

Write Like Your Life Depended On It

I wanted to write more than just a couple hundred words. I wanted to write an epic novel.

But everyday as I sat at my computer, only these minuscule stories came out... always dark, never showing the greatness of the world we lived in.

Just the scariness.

I dropped my head into my hands in my office at home, my word document just a few words full, knowing I had failed yet again.

DING!

I turned around and saw beside me, an old type writer in a bin.

My grandma's.

Why was that there? I thought I had thrown it out. She had been such a famous writer... her stories still being sold and given me this life I didn't deserve.

I hesitantly swallowed, picking it up and placing it down on the desk before me.

I could see that it had one sheet of paper in it, and some ink stored away too.

I typed the first letter.

 $\dots I$

I had to make sure I couldn't make a mistake.

I began typing some more words, as they suddenly began spilling out of me.

... they hurried out of the building...

... no time left as she turned to him...

...he smiled relieved...

I couldn't believe it, I didn't even notice the hours run by as I kept refilling it with more paper.

But when I wanted to stop for the day, I suddenly realized something...

I couldn't.

My fingers literally would not leave the type writer as they started to bleed at the finger tips, my body starving. My eyes widened.

"STOP!" I screamed, trying to look away from the paper I was writing on, but I couldn't stop myself.

The red bled into the words, as suddenly the ink was no longer ink... but red slippery blood... mine. Draining out my fingers into the printed words on the sheet.

And the writing, it got scarier and scarier.

...YOU THINK YOU DESERVE TO BE A WRITER?

...DO YOU KNOW PAIN? OR TO DIE FOR WHAT YOU SAY?

...YOU'RE CRAP! GARBAGE! SHIIIIIT!

"AHH!" I screamed, feeling so very weak and tried to type the end... but couldn't.

...LIVING OFF THE FAME OF A WOMAN WHO DID EVERYTHING FOR YOU?!

...WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, BEN?!

...WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?!

Suddenly it felt like the typewriter was on fire, and I screamed and begged as I tried to pull away but couldn't. I was stuck... in this hell.

The first time in my life where I didn't have writer's block to stop me. As it was no longer me writing... it was the typewriter possessing me.

I wrote for hours more... no one checking on me... no one caring before at last when one hundred thousand words had been hit, I typed-

...stop living in a dream where you think that your words actually matter.

...THEY DON'T!

...AND YOU WILL NEVER WRITE AGAIN!

NEVER!

NEVER!

I typed.

The End...

I suddenly dropped forward, my head hitting the corner of the metal type writer and blood streamed slowly out of me.

Dead.

Tommy

He heated his hands against the fire burning in the metal bin in the alley way.

The homeless man sighed. He looked on ahead, seeing the mansion in the distance.

It was going to snow tonight, and the homeless man had gotten his box to sleep in. It was against the wall with newspapers and a blanket.

As he prepared for sleep, he tucked himself in snugly to his blanket, and shivered there as snowflakes began to fall down in light flowing flight.

He held his arms tightly, hugging himself to keep in the warmth.

His heart slowly beat.

Beat... beat...

He closed his lids tighter, biting his scarred lips and prayed he would make it through the night.

There was a tap.

He slowly opened his worn and weary eyes and looked around.

He saw a man in a white suit standing just outside his box.

"Excuse me, sir?" the man asked, and the homeless man looked at this posh fellow confused.

"Yes?" he said, his tired voice almost pleading to be heard.

"The master is of need of you."

The homeless man looked at the suited fellow and beckoned, "Pardon?"

"Come, come," the butler man in the white suit uttered, "Up with you."

The man slowly got out of the box bed and watched as the butler pointed him to the carriage.

The homeless man slowly got in, and in an instant, the horses nayed and were off.

The butler was sitting on the other side, and asked him.

"So, Tommy..."

The homeless man blinked. How did this stranger know his name?

"Yes, sir?" he asked him confused.

"The master has been watching you."

"Me?" Tommy spoke back, afraid, "Why?"

"You've been scavenging the bins, taking the scraps for food."

Tommy began to feel himself sweat.

"I thought no one wanted it...?"

"You did..." the butler replied and Tommy just turned his eyes to the ground, ashamed.

"Yes, I did..."

They arrived at the mansion shortly after.

They got out as the carriage was pulled into the side.

Tommy looked at those white gates, as he slowly saw them open. He stumbled inside. He saw on each side of him, men wearing armour.

He approached the building and the two large doors opened slowly.

He covered his eyes from the bright warmth and light that hit him, and the butler led him to the master's room.

Tommy began to shake and tremble.

"Are you okay?" the butler asked.

"N-no," Tommy stuttered, tears in his eyes, "I have been stealing from this man and I didn't even realize. I'm, I'm a thief!"

"Bring it up with him." the man said and pushed the door opened, ushering him in.

Tommy stumbled into the large living room, a fire ablaze in the distance and looked for the master.

And then, he saw him.

The master was an old man, a white beard on him. He was sitting in a large armchair, and Tommy stepped fearfully forward.

"So..."

Tommy paused, shaking.

The elderly man had seen him.

"Tommy,"

"Yes, sir?" he said, falling to his knees and begging for forgiveness. He had tears stream from his eyes.

"Why do you cry?" the elderly master asked.

"I have committed a terrible crime," Tommy whispered, "I stole."

"Why didn't you ask?"

Tommy stiffened, he was afraid to look the master in the eyes, but he did.

"I was afraid you'd reject my begging... you probably have paupers coming to you day after day, begging for food."

"Yes," the master said, "And I do not turn them away."

Tommy's eyes stilled, and he looked at the master.

"Tommy," the elderly man said with a voice of deep fatherly love, "There is many rooms in my house. Do you want to stay here?"

Tommy didn't know how to answer.

"I know you are afraid, Tommy. I know you have been hurt and beaten by this world. Do you want to rest? Do you want to stay in my home?"

"I-I," Tommy began to cry. Tears rolled down his cheeks and he begged, "But why me? What worth am I to you?"

"Because, I don't want to see you in any more pain."

Tommy cried harder, he couldn't bare the kindness. He smiled a broken smile and just said in happiness.

"Yes, please let me stay."

Tommy was under that box, his heart beating slower and slower as the snow built up around him.

Beat... beat... and then it froze.

The homeless man died.

And went home...

The Creature In The Night

The rains are pouring down.

All around.

I look up from the veranda and see in the darkness, the floods. They erupt up from the ground, tumble down the hills and soak the lands in the distance.

At least, this is what I witness.

My breath is short, scared, breathless.

In that, no air is able to escape.

I watch in the darkness as the beast roars and screams in the sky. The lightning has been awakened. It strikes down in pinpointing directions the victims of it's clashing electricity.

I worry deeply.

I worry in fear.

As I watch from the veranda the animals howl and bark. They want in. The cats screech, the dogs moan. Should I allow them entrance to my home?

What am I? A fool to this goal? To save the animals that would never recognize me as a saviour, but more an enemy.

They will not listen. But still, I go.

I turn my eyes to the cats and hounds, I run into the storm. I shout, I beg, I plead.

They scamper from me.

I look up when I see lightning scatter in the night, lighting up the whole area to show in the distance... a creature.

A creature I do not recognize.

It was black. In the split second of light in the night, the creature I saw was black. Standing on two legs.

Scaly.

White eyes.

I stumble back. Fear penetrates me deeply and I want to scream and shout.

But alas, my breathlessness will only let out a whimper.

I do not see a thing. I feel only the raindrops slide down my body, my clothes drenched. My soul wrecked.

Tortured by the thought that I had put myself in evil's way.

I tremble. I turn to leave. But the horror is deep in me.

It makes my steps slow, as I look back to the light in the distance. The house my sanctuary and God keep.

Am I a fool for wanting to help the helpless...? Critters who can not understand safety and refuge in my man made cave?

In the end... I simply do not care.

At least... not after I witnessed the creature that wanted in most of all. I run back towards the home, the door still wide open and tossing back and forth from the wind.

I slam it closed behind me, and soon see the lights inside are flickering.

I do not care. I light a few candles and come back to the hall, heading for the living room.

But I pause.

Why you ask?

I asked myself that same question... but it was quickly answered, you see.

For on the ground was mud marks... something had come in.

I could hear wheezing... coughing and spluttering... It came from the room where the fire was lit.

I slowly begin to enter. The need to know overwriting the need to go.

And so I see the beast. The creature... black as the night... as the abyss in the sky.

It stares at me... it's eyes... it's eyes...

Before it gave a huge roar... and in a blink...

All becomes dark...

And my eyes... they see nothing.

And I taste...

...blood.

The Scraping

I could hear it... the scraping.

Every night since the day, as I lay in bed. It scratched its claws against the door. It was trying to get out.

I hated it.

I HATED IT!

I thought that she had finally stopped. That I had got rid of her at last. But no, I was wrong. She was still trying to get at me.

My mother had called me insane. Said I was imagining things. But I wasn't. I knew something was trying to get me. That *she* was trying to get me.

Claw her way at me and choke me to death.

I had to do something.

I had called her over, as I pretended something was wrong.

Scrape... s-c-rape...

SHE WAS TRYING TO GET INTO MY HEAD.

I screamed out a screech as I covered my ears in the bed and begged for the screeching of the nails against the door to disappear.

I told my mother that the woman was trying to get at me... I had begged her to stop it.

"STOP IT, MOTHER! STOP IT!"

"PLEASE STOP! STOP!"

Her own howling words as she begged for it to stop as well.

The knife...

It was still on my cupboard where I left it. It was stained with shiny glistening red blood.

Hers.

I... I had wanted her to stop it.

Stop calling me insane.

But did she?

Did she?

"Davey..."

I flinched in my bed when I heard the whisper of my mother's weak voice. It sounded mangled and demonic.

"Are you going to let me out...? Are you?"

I lay there, terrified. I felt tears rise in my eyes and I begged her in a weak voice.

"Stop it... j-just STOP!"

Whenever I closed my eyes, all I could see was the knife stabbing forward into her chest. Puncturing her lungs. Killing her.

I had killed her.

I... I didn't know what else I could do. She was going crazy... I had to control her. She... she was calling *me* crazy.

I lived in the middle of the countryside with my parents. I could feel the wind howling outside, the rain lashing down and pelting on the roof.

"Davey..."

Stabbing... blood... hands clawing at me to stop... begging...

She had begged.

But she wasn't my mother anymore.

She was a corpse.

A zombie.

Lightning struck outside and lit up my dark room. I sat up in a jump, breathing heavily in and out. The scraping had stopped. It had finally gone away. I stood up from my bed. My body was in a cold sweat. I was scared.

I hadn't slept in five days.

I remember her words to me... her words that had made me scared.

"David... where is your father?"

"-David, I can't find your dad..."

"DAVID STOP! STOP!"

And then... and then...

No. More. Words.

I opened the door to my closet, and peered inside.

When the lightning flashed one last time, I saw what I was afraid to see.

Covered in blood.

Tortured.

Killed.

My mother... my Father...

... my sanity.

My twisted will... fulfilled.

Vision

O Brien...

That name I had always kept hearing in my dreams in childhood... A name that would soon mean nothing. For in the dreams I never remembered anything else... besides that name.

...O Brien.

 $\sim \chi \sim$

I had been at work when I had seen this woman.

The moment I met her and saw her clear blue eyes... I had a vision.

A real vision.

I saw our life together, our first kiss, me holding her hand.

Our first fight, moving in together. The first time we made love. The day she was mine forever as we said our wedding vows.

The hundredth kiss... the children. Two sons and a girl.

Their names, Toby, Ryan and Eliza.

Her holding my hand as we aged. Her holding my hand in that second when I saw her.

She was finding it hard to breathe and I was frozen in the vision as I looked into her teary eyes.

She had been struck by a car, and I was the paramedic.

We helped her into the ambulance, but I never let go of her hand, and our eyes never parted from each other.

I saw it all.

Our old age, our grandchildren... the day when she kissed me on the forehead as I drifted off to my eternal sleep.

I saw her finally close her eyes in the present second, dying as the other paramedic called out.

"CLEAR!"

And used the defibrillator on her chest.

The ambulance was still moving and I noticed to the side of her, a man that was not meant to be there.

My co-worker continued giving the electric shocks but the man had ashy smoke coming off him and scaly wings.

He looked at me, grinning darkly and as a ball of light came out of her opened mouth, her very cries being held in them, he grabbed it in his ashy scaly hand.

Whispering to me, my eyes agape with tears in them.

"I'll take that..."

I watched as he began to fade away, but the very words he said before he was gone for good, were.

"You should've gone on that date they arranged."

"GIVE HER BACK!" I yelled and he only 'tut tut', grinning as he spoke.

"Give what back..? For it was only an alternation to a time that had never happened."

He smiled at me and blew away in the air as the ambulance arrived at the hospital and I followed them with the trolley as they brought her into surgery.

"Name of patient?"

"Kaley O Brien."

My co-worker said this to the surgeon who passed it on to the doctors and they got to work to bring back the dead woman.

But as I looked at her lifeless body... I knew it was too late.

"O Brien..." I said slowly to myself... suddenly realizing something.

The d-dreams...

And I saw it... the dreams I had forgotten in my youth yet the name, the thing always remembered.

Dreams of total destruction... of the world coming to an end.

And of her... sitting on a throne of bones.

"Kaley O Brien..."

I couldn't catch my breath, for in that vision I had seen my life with this woman... her kindness.

But in her death... I had remembered what I had been blinded to in the black of the night.

For a vision is different to a dream... and sometimes the two can be swapped.

And sometimes... the two can be changed...

I Can See Angels

The little girl woke up...

The house was so very quiet... but in her heart... she felt trembles.

She had always been afraid of the dark... but her mummy... she knew her mummy would protect her.

She got up. She held her teddy in her hand, walking silently down the hall.

From the living room she saw a bright white light, shining through the glass of the door. She could feel her body shaking.

Her little brother was asleep in the room next to hers, and she felt like she should wake him... to show him the light.

But she didn't.

She wanted to keep walking.

Something inside her, told her to.

She reached the door handle... and could feel a golden mist seep through the door's bottom... touching her bare feet.

She swallowed.

She turned the handle and pulled the door open... seeing her mother laying on the lounge... sleeping...

She had thought she was sleeping.

But that wasn't what kept her eyes.

The teddy bear dropped to the ground.

Her eyes widened... seeing a giant white winged person standing just before the lying woman.

The little girl froze, not able to move.

The person had such a beautiful face... that she knew then, it wasn't a person like her mum or brother.

It was... an...

...angel.

It was a female... her long smooth hair falling down in ringlets around her shining skin.

She was holding the hand of a woman... a woman who was not really there... yet was all the same.

A woman who the little girl could see through as she was missing a physical body.

Her mother.

The little girl opened her mouth...

The angel smiled at her mum's spirit... and pulled the woman forward into a distant light that was there... yet wasn't in a physical sense.

The little girl begged to come in... but it was like she couldn't. Something was holding her back... something greater than herself.

In a second there was a flash of white light that shone like lightning in the room... she could hear choirs singing... voices cheering and happiness.

But then, suddenly, everything was silent.

Darkness came back.

Car noises could be heard driving by outside... street lamps flickering.

She approached her mother's body and shook it... tears coming to her eyes.

"...m-mummy..." she cried, and hugged the dead woman, "...m-mummy, come... come back."

The Meadow Children

Kevin was playing in the meadow. The air was cold and the sun was hidden behind the clouds. They seemed to descend quite close to the ground, a little bit of fog touching the earth.

Kevin was only six.

He had played in that meadow for so long, played with the other children for what felt like eternity for a child.

One day, a new boy came and the kids ran over to him, intrigued.

Kevin looked at the boy and asked him.

"What's your name?"

"Philip." the boy said nervously.

He seemed more solid, more vibrant than them and Kevin only laughed.

"What's with the funny clothes...?"

Philip looked down to his outfit... seeing his black jumper and blue jeans.

He smiled at the kids, and joined them in their games of tag and roly-pally.

When it felt like it had gotten late, he waved goodbye and left.

The next day Philip came back.

He talked to the other kids and seemed to have fun. Kevin wanted to get to know the new kid too, so approached him with a small wave, asking.

"So are you from the town?"

"The... town...?"

"Yeah! I haven't eaten in so long, do you have any food on you?"

"I don't think you could eat the food I would give you."

Philip pulled out a chocolate bar and Kevin looked at it, confused.

"What's that...?" he asked.

He reached his hand towards it, but his fingers seemed to go through the bar and Philip's hand.

Kevin froze. He looked at Philip... it was hard to see him in the fog, and he whispered.

"What are you...?"

Philip left after that.

The next few days, Philip didn't return and Kevin grew worried. The clouds were breaking apart and letting in little traces of light. The fog seemed to grow heavier. The kids still played in the meadow.

The meadow seemed to stretch on for miles, even though it was such a small piece of land. The kids always stayed in the meadow... because no one could see their way through the fog.

One day, Kevin saw Philip standing in the distance.

When their eyes met, Philip quickly turned around.

"Hey! Wait!" Kevin yelled at him and followed eagerly. He ran into the fog, but kept a close eye on the boy. The pursuit was quick and desperate, and when he saw Philip run out onto a house estate, Kevin suddenly felt something invisible hit him back.

He fell to the ground and looked up. He saw Philip stare down at him. He noticed then, that it was night time in the estate. The sky was dark with stars in it and the streets quiet.

He got up, and slammed his hand into the invisible force field, demanding, "LET ME OUT!"
"Philip!"

The two looked away to see a woman approach the boy in the night, and look at him terrified.

"Philip! Where have you been?! What did I tell you about going into that famine graveyard!"

Kevin looked at her, lost in what she meant. She grabbed Philip's wrist and pulled him away. Philip just looked behind him as he left, looking into his eyes, and the boy left Kevin in the dark just standing there... so... scared.

Kevin looked down to his clothes... looking at them and seeing they were rags and torn up.

He was so skinny... like a skeleton... dark shadows under his eyes and his rib cage nearly breaking through his starved skin.

He used to be always so very hungry... until he wasn't no more... and he found he could play with his friends in the meadow.

He just couldn't remember how he got there.

He turned around and saw the fog, knowing where it would lead him back to.

The air was still so cold... a chill that was unworldly.

He took a step back into the white fog, before slowly disappearing back to the peaceful world where nothing seemed to hurt anymore.

He just wanted to know what she meant by graveyard.

The Darkness Inside

I was standing in the basketball court with you, playing a game.

We smiled at one another, having fun as I shot the ball in the hoop.

When it landed back to the ground I ran to pick it up, but accidentally kicked it out to the road in my rush.

"Damn it!" I shouted, angry at myself.

Suddenly I heard something drop. I looked up and saw a blue and green basket ball fall from above. I quickly caught it and looked at it puzzled... it was like I could see all the countries of the world on it.

I smiled at you, and bounced it, but when I did, suddenly the sky above us cracked. We looked up, me afraid, but you... your expression was unreadable.

"Hold this," I said in a panic, still looking up at the glowing crack in the sky and ran out of the basketball court to get help.

I had left the ball in your hands.

I couldn't see anyone in the nearby streets, but I tumbled forward as I felt the world crack again... the sky breaking apart like glass.

I looked back up at the court and saw you bouncing the ball at a brick wall.

"STOP!" I yelled and ran back towards you.

But you never did.

You bounced the blue and green ball against the wall so many times, and each time it hit, the world broke a little more.

The look in your eyes as I approached you, scared me half to death.

The look of evil.

Hate and anger.

"STOP IT!" I screamed at you, yanking the ball out of your hands but we both hung onto it tightly. The sky was falling apart, as electricity started pouring through the strikes like lightning. The ground had giant gaps in it, leading to drops into lava from beneath.

"WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?!" I demanded and you just screamed back.

"WE DESERVE TO DIE! WE DESERVE IT!"

I couldn't understand why you said that. Why you were so willing to destroy us all.

"N-no!" I begged, and finally pulled the ball out of your clutch.

You only stared at me, anger and fury deep within your core. Your eyes were red with blood... as I could see you were cracking apart too.

I looked down to my arms.

So... was I...

Blood streaming down us, and I yelled at you.

"Why would you do this?!"

"Because!" you cried back, and ran at me. I dodged your strike, but nearly dropped the ball because of you.

"We don't deserve to live! Not me, not you... not WE."

I stared at you lost.

"Have you always felt this way?"

"Haven't you EVER?!" you yelled and I swallowed, knowing that you were telling the truth. I think we had all thought once in our life that the human race was a disgrace... but... we could do better... we could.

I could.

"HAVEN'T YOU?!" you screamed, and I felt a teardrop slip down my cheek.

I sadly knew you were right. My heart had hardened and the only reason why I wanted to stay alive was for the selfish reason of I being the main factor.

I being the survivor...

Not us...

Only I.

I looked at you, you panting in and out quickly, and I let the ball drop from my hands.

It rolled towards a crack in the ground, dropping through it.

In a second the whole world was collapsing around us.

I began to cry... two teenagers causing the ruin of us all.

And I said to you.

"We deserve... to die..."

You said back.

"Because what have we done to deserve to live?"

In the grand scheme, before everything disappeared from my eyes, I questioned this. Maybe if I had seen the frightened faces of others I would've given the ball to someone who was better than me.

Than you.

And I would've never seen the darkness that was hidden inside.

Till I saw it in you.

In me.

And knew then... it could be in anyone...

And now... all I have left is that.

The black nothingness of what the two of us made.

A world broken apart.

Though it was already broken enough, on the inside...

Above

A thousand years into the future...

They all lived underground... deep in the darkness.

Fluorescent lights all Kalli had ever known... but she had heard myths about 'The Light'

The poor people were born, worked, lived and then died. In the darkness. In the dark.

The one percent had put their minds and consciousness into machines... robots is what one would call them.

And they were happy.

At least, that's what they believed.

He was not.

His name was Dale.

He would wonder around in the dark underground streets, seeing the peasants... the poorest, work by mining, mending, labour... death... always working these physical bodies till they could no longer work anymore and just died.

He had not been giving a choice in having these metal bones. He knew there was nothing more after this life.

But he didn't care... he just didn't know if he wanted to go.

"I'm telling you!" Kalli said, rounding up the group of teenagers of her age that listened to her words. "There's light up there, life! There is a world of beauty."

"All there is is dust and dark. Since the ancient wars."

"There's something more."

"You'll die trying." They said.

"I'm already dying..." she whispered, aching in her heart.

There was one way up... a lift that got rid of rubbish and debris.

He saw her sneak to it one day and followed.

Whether there be life or death... he wanted just to live.

"HEY, STOP!" The guards yelled at her, as she slipped through the door just as it closed. He was already inside waiting, and a laser gunshot hit her chest... spluttering blood out of the girl.

Making her bleed.

Making her slowly begin the transition.

She fell to the ground but he caught her, and he whispered.

"Why did you waste your life...?"

"Why are you wasting yours?"

He didn't understand why she asked him this.

"I can come back down..."

"But you are not really real... more machine than man."

He despised this girl, yet pitied her all the same. For she didn't know, he had an off button, that would get rid of the electric charge to his brain and kill even him.

If he chose... but he would never choose.

The lift started to make jarring noises, and the two stiffened as they felt it start to slowly extend through the layers of the earth's crust.

"Are you pleased with your choice?"

He asked this, coldly, and Kalli only smiled wearily, whispering.

"I'll see the light... I'll see daytime... with flowers and grass and birds and butterflies."

"You'll see death."

It took an hour till they reached the top of the cold earth above.

The lift's doors opened, and a chill so very cold burst into the walls. The Lift tipped out the junk, and Dale held onto Kalli, making sure she wouldn't get drowned in dirt and metal and waste.

He looked around, and all he saw...

Was smokey clouds... thick black snow on the ground... and ash everywhere.

"Do you see it?"

They both said this to one another at the same time. But both meant such different things.

"Do you see it...?" Kalli repeated by herself this time, and smiled in happiness. "The light. Oh! I knew it was real! It's so bright! Do you see... it..."

Her eyes froze stiff. He looked down at her, seeing she had stopped breathing and he gripped her tightly, feeling as much of her dead body as his synthetic skin would allow.

He let go in pain. He yelled out. Getting up from the rubbish and begging.

"WHERE ARE YOU! YOU SHOWED HER THE LIGHT! BUT NOT ME! BUT NOT ME!"

He quickly opened up his control pad that was implanted under his forearm's skin, and started pressing codes in fury. The pad was lighting up the surrounding area of death... of nothingness and he finally pressed the final password code in.

The panel asked him.

"ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO TERMINATE?"

He was panting and breathing so heavily. So angrily, and the voice asked him again.

"ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO TERMINATE?"

He pressed the X button and the program returned to its former settings, the control pad closing back up in his skin and he cried.

Dropping to the debris and crying in the dark.

It was so dark there... so empty... so nothing...

And he slowly got back into the lift... for after a day, it went back down...

Missing one soul... but bringing back one more.

A Murder

He had followed her as she walked down the neighbourhood. He had watched her from the shadows.

He just stared and stared.

It would happen soon.

The fun... the cause for his approach.

He knocked her out and carried her on his back into the nearby woods.

The blonde girl lay on his shoulder unconscious, dangling there like a rag doll. She was skinny but not too thin. It was just her frame.

But she would soon find herself struggling for her life.

A struggle she would lose.

As he reached the lakeside he took a deep breath in. He peered over to the twinkling shimmering ripples of the lake, the stars reflecting in its water.

He didn't smile, he didn't frown. His face was expressionless.

He felt nothing, he knew not this soul that was in his arms as he now carried her into the water, her eyelids wrinkling as she began to awake.

It had been such a long walk to this pool of clear water. He did not care... he just wanted to let go.

Let go of his conscience, let go of his will. Let go of everything.

But hold on to one thing, her body as he pulled her suddenly deep into the water.

The girl woke fully when she felt the liquid gush into her mouth. She looked up at the man in the murky water that surrounded her.

All she could see was a face of a middle age man look back at her, one could say he was almost handsome.

She tried to scream for him to stop, but her calls stayed underneath the water's skin.

He could feel her arms thrashing about, touching his own sturdy forearm in hopes to cling to something and pull her up into air.

The area was silent, just the splashing about in the water being heard just a little area in the woods. But one would stupidly mistaken it for a duck or a swan.

Soon the thrashing arms stopped, and slipped lifelessly into the water. He watched as her eyes looked at him, wide opened, but stone dead in their stare.

He began to feel tears trickle down his well defined features, his cheeks dampening from the salty water he produced by himself in his dark grey eyes.

He let go of her and whispered, pulling the dead body out of the water and whispering as he hugged her.

"Can it be this easy to drown you...?"

He cried as he held the lifeless girl in his embrace and saw in the distance, two yellow eyes of a crocodile pierce at him from the lake's deep depths.

"Goodbye..." He whispered to her, and pushed her away from him. She drifted on the water's surface towards the crocodile that opened its jaw widely.

He didn't look as he turned away and heard the sound of a hard snap and crunching in the distance.

He looked up into the beautiful moonlight as the clouds around the bright rocky moon parted way and let it's light touch his rigid skin.

He walked home quietly, back to his family.

No one ever knowing what he did that night... not even him understanding why he did it.

Not even him...

The Words She Spoke

The words didn't feel real. Had she really just said that?

I wasn't sure anymore what was real or not. I couldn't make sense of it.

The date, 2007. The month, December. The day, the 21st.

The darkest day of the year and to me... it really felt like the sun had set forever in my life... my reality... my sole reason for getting up in the morning. Her.

Her beautiful blue eyes. The red long locks that always fell like a veil around her neck. She was perfect. An angel if one had never seen such kindness embodied in a real person.

She was perfect.

And she was not mine.

For on that night, four days before Christmas would come... she broke my heart. And not just that.

She ripped it apart.

As she had said those words that crushed all my hopes.

"I don't like you, Thomas."

That type of feeling could one day change.

But then she continued.

"I hate you."

Why?!

I had dreaded to ask, but the word slipped from my mouth.

"...whv?"

"Look in the mirror," she said, sighing as she spoke these words. "And ask yourself the same question."

And like that she left me, that winter's night.

I was in the city park. Snow blanketed the ground. Frost covered the windows' glass from the houses that were alight in the distance away.

And I? I was just alone in that park that somber night. Afraid that if I left it, reality would set more in and remind me of one thing.

The girl I loved, hated me. Despised my soul. And there was nothing I could do about that. Except go over all the events that had transpired to allow those words to fall so effortlessly with poison from her lips.

And so I lay in bed, that December night... and just wondered.

Just obsessed. On what I did so wrong. On the many things, I did so wrong.

For how could an angel like her be wrong in her allegation? I was the one who was unlovable.

And all I had done that half academic year that passed. It flittered through my mind.

And the night I had on that longest night of the year.

Sleepless. The memories replacing the dreams and turning every thought into a living alive nightmare.

I lay there awake. No sleep to caress my eyes. But then in the morning, the news came.

And in the most unexpected way.

"Angela Collins was found dead in the park last night. Any witnesses to her murder are at obligation to come forward."

I heard it on the news, the radio stations and in print.

She... she was dead.

And was I not there to protect?

I lay in bed the second day after the news broke and whispered to myself.

"I was there..."

And I needed to come forward.

State what I had witnessed... but I knew I needed to say why I was with her in the park... only minutes before she got murdered.

And that would have to unravel a past I had been contemplating. A past that I wanted to remain hidden.

"I hate you"

She had said.

The last words I had heard.

And now she was dead.

As all I wished that longest night... was her death to come and take her away, the grasp she had on my heart.

And it had come.

And somehow I knew... I played a part.

From Life

I wiped the blood off my face... the knife still in his hand and I begged.

"I love you!"

He slashed it forward once more and I begged, trying to tear it off his hand.

"Please! I LOVE YOU!"

He saw the tears in my eyes, trying to aim for my gut... the baby...

"Please! Don't do this!" I cried.

I was once his... but he was already hers.

I had come second.

The mistress. The one that couldn't get away.

"I won't tell her! I won't tell anyone!" I yelled, tears splashing down my eyes as I was pulled by the hair down to the ground and he pinned me down by his knees, stabbing into my gut.

The baby...

His...

"I loved you..." I said, my last breath leaving and he only shook his head... my arm dropping dead.

Though when blackness came... I only heard a voice of a child cry...

her... my baby... as she cried... and I went into the dark following her voice as she waited for me to join her.

"I loved you..." I cried... disappearing from his life.

From our life.

...From life.